$1.50 " year

SEPTEMBER, 1947

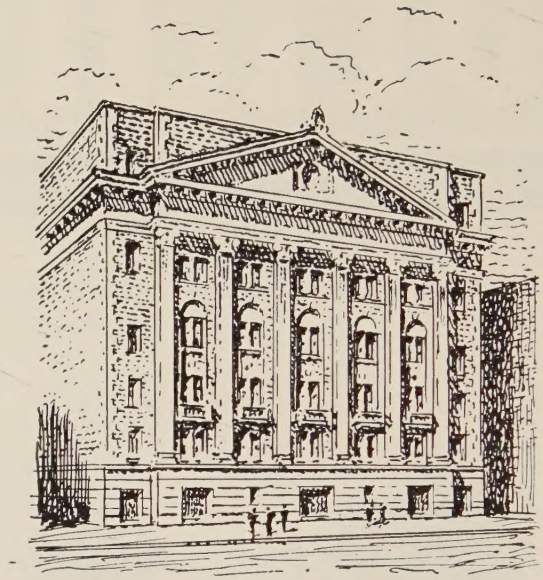
The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Welcome

"Welcome" is a lovely word—it means so many things: the warmth of human friendship and the pleasure that it brings; true greetings of the kindly hearts who share what they possess; the cheery hearth, the cozy home, and joy and happiness . . . For hospitality does not depend upon our store—it's what we mean by "Welcome" when our friends are at the door.

Patience Strong.



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist
PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XXIV **September, 1947** *Number 6*

THE MASTER'S MAN

My Master was a worker
With daily work to do,
And he who would be like Him
Must be a worker, too;
Then welcome honest labor
And honest labor's fare,
For where there is a worker
The Master's man is there.

My Master was a comrade,
A trusty friend and true,
And he who would be like Him
Must be a comrade too;
In happy hours of singing,
In silent hours of care,
Where goes a loyal comrade,
The Master's man is there.

My Master was a helper,
The woes of life He knew,
And he who would be like Him
Must be a helper too;
The burden will grow lighter,
If each will take a share,
And where there is a helper
The Master's man is there.

Then brothers, brave and manly,
Together let us be,
For He, who is our Master,
The Man of men was He;
The men who would be like Him
Are wanted everywhere,
And where they love each other
The Master's men are there.

William G. Tarrant

(From Thomas Curtis Clark's "Poems for Special Days and Occasions.")

The Good, the True, the Beautiful

Our Only Creed

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

36th Year

Opening Service—36th Season
Sunday Morning, September 14th.....11:00 o'clock
Broadcast by WJJD

Church School of Religious Education
Opening Service, Sunday, September 14th..... 9:30 o'clock

DR. BRADLEY ON THE AIR

WGN—Every evening at 6:00 o'clock, Monday through Friday. Eleventh season opens September 22nd.

WJJD—Every Sunday morning at 11:00 o'clock, through September 7th. Dr. Bradley will be heard in a short sermon, 11:00 to 11:15.

Sunday morning, September 14th, and throughout the winter, the entire morning service of The Peoples Church will be broadcast from 11:00 to 12:30 o'clock. 24th Year of continuous broadcasting of the church service.

OUR 36th YEAR

Meditation

Dear Father, we are grateful for the year that is about to begin for our church. Might thy kindly benediction rest upon this church that we love. We are grateful for the cooperation and the friendship of so many, and as we begin this 36th year together, may we be sustained and strengthened in all that we attempt to do. Let Thy benediction rest upon our church, all of its members and its friends everywhere. Let Thy healing presence be upon those who are ill, all who are discouraged with life, or disheartened; all for whom life seems to be turned into agony. Speak peace as only Thou canst to tired souls and hearts. Fortify us, strengthen us, that the best years may be ahead for us all, for our church and for the world.

So we reconsecrate, we rededicate all that we have and are to Thee. Bless the people of every faith and race and color. O God of Love, might we all see soon that the only answer to the ills, the soul sickness of the world, is Love; that Love which giveth peace.

"YOUTH CARES!"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY,
Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago
June 8, 1947

YOU may recall that interesting and lovable play 'You Can't Take It With You,' where the old grandfather went down to work one morning, stepped off the elevator, started to go into his place of business, then turned around, walked back to the elevator and said that he would never do any business again, that he was all through; that he could not take it with him and therefore he was going to live the rest of his life doing the things that he had always wanted to do. He had developed a hobby of attending commencements. Every time he heard of a commencement he would go and sit right in front of the faculty and class and enjoy the whole business, and I think that is a pretty good hobby.

One of the happiest things that I look forward to in my work is springtime and the commencement addresses. Of course I love all of my work; there is not a bit of it that I don't love, and, probably, that is one of the reasons why I can keep on going as I do, because everything connected with my work I love to do. There is not one single boring thing about it to me. I love my radio work, twice every day of my life I face a microphone and love it. I love to read some of the letters, some are critical and condemnatory; it does not matter, I just love it all, and I love my preaching. I can hardly wait for Sunday morning to come to get into this pulpit. I love weddings. My! the weddings I had this month! I never saw anything like it! Either the times are getting better or the women are getting a raise in pay. I feel a sort of inner glow when I am able to stand by the side of someone who is in sorrow at the loss of a loved one. I feel an inner inexplicable peace, that I might have said something that helped and comforted them in their sorrow over the loss of a loved one. Every night of my life I breathe a little prayer of gratitude that my life is in the channel it is, touching human life everywhere. And I wish I might have fifty more years of it. I just cannot bear the thought that there is any such thing as growing toward the end of it: I wish I could keep right on.

Now, it is not going to matter so much to the people who are as old as I am and as old as some of you are, the next five, ten, fifteen years; we will probably weather it whatever comes; we will probably get through it. I have already lived through three wars, about five depressions and have survived ten or twelve presidential elections, and most of you of the mature age group, so-called, will probably finish it out. We will probably make it. But what about the young people who today are fifteen, seventeen, twenty-one. Have you thought about their next twenty-five years?

When I look at them night after night, as I do now, I tell you something happens to me. One of the things happening is that I wish I were their age, and just graduating from High School this June. I wish I were seventeen or twenty-one, right in this kind of a world. I can hear experience and age say to me, "Why, Doctor Bradley, do you mean to tell me that you would like to be young in this kind of a world, where a world that had a dream of being one world is now cre-

ating itself into two worlds with every tick of the watch?" A world where men envisaged the possibility of creating a world so highly sensitive to human values that they were attempting to put human values ahead of material values, and who were dreaming of a world in which not iron, not Arabian oil, not boundary lines of nations, not what nation secured 10,000 acres of land that belonged to another, but when people were envisaging the possibility of creating a world in which the sovereign emphasis would be upon human worth, the dignity and importance of maintaining an environment in which the full fruition of the human personality would be first. That, ladies and gentlemen, is the very kernel of all democratic ideals. The only thing that we ought to be concerned about is the creation of an economic, industrial, co-operative world society in which the human personality would have full power of developing and of growing.

Are we doing that? Of course we are not doing it. At an hour when that should be the supreme emphasis of all activity, what is being substituted for it? An effort is being substituted to crystallize the importance of maintaining a cleavage or a chasm between cultures and civilizations and races. We are in a world which because of scientific achievement would be able to create and produce more for the physical needs of man than ever in the history of the world, and man's experience in international trade ought to enable him, through that experience, to build a program of economic equilibrium. Are we working very hard at that? You know we are not. At a time when we should be persistently attempting to find a way in which we can demilitarize the earth with universal demobilization, are we attempting to do that? You know we are not. I listened straight through yesterday to every word of the President's address in Kansas City. Was the whole emphasis toward trying to work out effectively, co-operatively the problems before the nation? Is any effort being made to work co-operatively, universally and simultaneously in lifting the burden of taxation from the peoples of the earth by reducing armaments of the earth? Sixty-one cents out of every dollar raised by taxation, under the procedure of an increase in militarism, will be taken from the peoples of the earth! Are we working out that problem? No! We are told now that we must take every seventeen and eighteen year old boy at a cost of billions of dollars to the taxpayers of America and in one year make him a fighting unit to anticipate world emergencies! We can do that.

We are told by the President in this hour that we should arm the western hemisphere beginning at the southernmost tip of the Cape and go straight through to Alaska at a cost of millions and millions and millions of American dollars. Then the burden upon the taxpayer will increase and increase and increase, until the only way out may be a referendum and a great moment of repudiation before we are through with this colossal expenditure! I believe that there is no more important problem for the economic life and stabilization of the people of the world than a universal movement of co-operation between nations to decrease armaments rather than increase them!

Gentlemen of the world diplomacy, prime ministers, presidents, *ARE YOU MAD? HAVE YOU LOST YOUR REASON?* And I believe, and I say it in this closing service, that it ought to be done with Russia, if possible; without Russia, if necessary. There is no greater task before the American people and the world.

What has all this to do with youth?

I am seeing evidences everywhere this year of something psychological in these commencements that I have never known before. I have been giving commencement addresses for years and years, and there was a time at these commencements when I could look these young people in the face and say to them: "You are now about to be graduated, you are going to get a diploma, and you are going out into life. Remember, young people, that a patent medicine peddler could become a John D. Rockefeller! Remember, young people, that an iron puddler could become an Andrew Carnegie." I could go on and on like that for an hour, and they would say, "That was wonderful, that was a great commencement address!" I cannot say it any more. If I should start that kind of dribble to the members of these classes this year, why! they would walk right off the platform. They would say to me, "Go back to Chicago and say that. If they stand for it there, all right! We are not going to stand for it here!" Why? Because young people more than ever before are conscious now of the time element.

When I was in High School "a thousand years ago," you could come out of High School and teach school for two or three years, or get a job, and build up a little fund, go back to college, come out of college and get a job and go back again if you were thinking of a professional education, and if you got under way by the time you were thirty-two or so, you were considered pretty good. That is over. The most tragic thing that I can say about the treatment of the world toward its youth today is that the world is not going to let them be young; they haven't time and they know it. It is a different tempo; a different age; and they know it.

I know that when a young boy shoots his High School sweetheart in the balcony of a Chicago theater, it is on the front page of all the newspapers. Another lad, sixteen, shot a church janitor because he wanted to know the thrill. A lad in Michigan killed four youngsters because he had an urge to shoot somebody. You read all about that, then you say, "There they are, the young people of America! That's what happened." How stupid of you to say that, when you realize that we are at an age when sin and crime are news. They are news and they are on the front pages of the newspapers of the nation. Don't you ever think about this when you condemn these young people today? For every maladjusted, psychopathic personality that kills, I will show you in America a hundred thousand fine American boys whom nobody ever heard of, who never had their pictures in a newspaper, never! Why don't we think about them? It is always the one who fails, the criminal, the twisted, distorted personality; you pick him out and point at him and say, "There is your youth," when everyone in this Church is obligated to the very youth we were condemning.

I recall giving a commencement address in a city in Ohio where there were several hundred in the class and thousands in the congregation. While I was speaking there was a terrific noise going on outside of the auditorium. It sounded like a machine starting with a bang and then stopping, over and over again. I turned to the Superintendent in the middle of my address and said to him, "Will you step out in the hallway and have the noise stopped?" He stepped out and it stopped immediately. I thought no more of it. I have a letter that you could not buy from me which came from that Superintendent. He wrote: "Doctor Bradley, I thought you would like to know that the noise which disturbed you while

giving your commencement address was made by a couple of boys who were working on an old jalopy. It would get started with a crash and run for a few minutes and then it would stop. They were sophomores and were not interested in our commencement, but in that old engine. One of those boys was with Jimmy Doolittle over Tokyo." There is the kind of youth we were criticizing and condemning.

Now, what about these youngsters today? Do they care? Does Youth care? Mr. Adult, Mr. Man of Experience, let me impress upon you as thoroughly as I can, *THEY DO CARE, AND THEY ARE CARING SO MUCH THAT I WOULD NOT BE SURPRISED TO SEE, FINALLY, A WORLD ORGANIZATION OF THE YOUTH OF THE WORLD.* There were evidences of it in that great World Republic Banquet in Chicago addressed by Admiral King. That organization started in a garage in Evanston with some G.I.'s. That movement now has grown to such proportions that it is sweeping the world, and what are they trying to do? Nothing more nor less than to get the people of the world—not the politicians or governors —in a great world convention, that the people of the world may have a voice and not be merely at the mercy of the policy makers, of foreign ministers, prime ministers, or even presidents—let the people of the world, fathers, mothers, the youth of the world, speak. YOUTH CARES! Why does it care so much now? Because it is time-conscious, and that is important. Talking about planes and big land armies in an age when the breath of a fog could engulf a continent with a germicidal war that would kill us all! We talk about spending billions for physical warfare, when man has in his hands energy that by the pressing of a button could wipe out a city like this in seven minutes. And we talk about physical power and mechanical power! *THERE IS NOT TIME!* I recall when one of the finest of all atomic scientists said before a university group, with tears in his eyes, "I can hardly sleep nights when I think of what we have done, and what it means." Then he concluded, "There may be five years left, but no longer, for it is impossible to stop scientific investigation and experimentation in any nation of the world, and in five years they will all have it, and then some fool will let loose some atom bomb, and the rest is night."

Youth is aware of that, so I say, "All glory to them; all honor to the young men who have got to be killed in our wars, when they stand up and say to the nation, 'We propose to have something to say about what that war will be about, and when it will be fought.' " The young men of the nation win the wars, and the old men of the nation lose the peace. It is about time it stopped, and so I glory in them, in their courage, their heroism . . . if you like another word, their "fanaticism". . . and I glory in their dreams. Youth cares; and it cares enough to espouse the unpopular cause; it cares enough to straighten up and stand forth; it cares enough that it is not afraid to die. When has youth ever been afraid of death? Don't think even for one moment that these young people are cowards. You don't dare say that. We know they are not cowards. It is not that, but it is because they are sensitive to human values and they believe that youth was created for something fine, something beautiful, and that with land enough, and coal enough, and iron enough and earth enough, and sky enough, and love enough, that every man, woman and child upon this earth should have peace

in their hearts, plenty in their stomachs, and greatness in their souls. But any nation that can pour kerosene on millions of potatoes in Alabama had better walk carefully, you are on dangerous ground, dangerous ground.

So, to the youth of America I say: Go on; do what my generation could not do because we were too afraid! You do it; build for your generation a better world than we have built for you. You were entitled to something better than you have, so, *ON, UNAFRAID, INTO THE FUTURE, KNOWING THAT GOD AND DECENCY AND TRUTH AND HONOR ARE ON YOUR SIDE AND THAT MEANS IT DOES NOT MATTER WHO IS AGAINST YOU!*

HYMN OF GOOD-WILL

By Dean Edmund Scott

"Lord, as all our blessings we recount,
There's one above all else we need;
To live the sermon on the mount
In blessed thought and word and deed.
To love our neighbors as ourselves
Would banish all this worldly greed
And help men feel within themselves,
That we are One in race and creed—
The human race of thy domain,
Created free and equal here,
To keep thy teachings and refrain
From hatred, prejudice and fear.
Give us this day our daily bread—
The true spirit in thy behest,
That all who hunger may be fed
Abundant good, which Thou has blest.
And may Thy Golden Rule reach out
To famished men this earth must trod,
And bring Thy children all about
To their true Oneness, under God."

Poet laureate of Greater Chicago Lodge No. 3.
Dedicated to The House of God, Mooseheart, Illinois.

Two Productions On Schedule for September at the Luzern Garden Theatre

Only two more plays remain before the Uptown Players first summer at the beautiful Luzern Garden Theatre on Lake Geneva is at an end. Many new friends have been made, and memories of Lake Geneva will brighten the winter months ahead.

The season must not close without some special tribute made to Roland Wilcox, proprietor of the Luzern Hotel, who built this beautiful open air theatre, and selected the Uptown Players as the company to appear in it. His gracious hospitality, as well as that of his entire family, did much to make our new venture a pleasant one, and his helpful cooperation is deeply appreciated by both the director, J. Bradley-Griffin, and the entire group.

The September schedule appears on another page, and this will be the last opportunity for Chicago friends to see The Players in their new surroundings until next year.

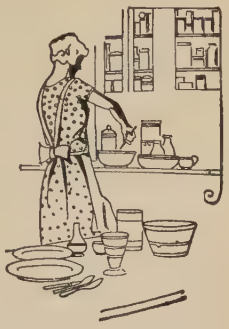
For the Fall and Winter season The Players are happy to announce that they will again give their productions at the Eleventh Street Theatre.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Have you changed your address? The church office would greatly appreciate your cooperation in keeping its mailing list up to date. There are other changes, too, such as the change of name when a marriage occurs. Sometimes mail goes astray because Miss So-and-So presumes of course that the church office knows all about it when she marries and becomes Mrs. So-and-So and changes her address. Kindly cooperate and keep the record straight. Thank you!

May H. Harrison, Secretary, The Peoples Church,
941 Lawrence Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

Your Bazaar!!!



Have you thought about it?

Your Bazaar! For if you are a friend of The Peoples Church, and whether you are a member or not, then it is YOUR Bazaar in a very special way. Why is that so? Because The Annual Bazaar of The Peoples Church is depended on each year to help carry the financial burden of the church, including some of the philanthropic work. And if you are a friend or member of the church, then you feel personally responsible to whatever extent you can help in all of its activities.

A few faithful workers have been busy all summer and many beautiful articles have been completed and are stored away ready for those three exciting days of the Bazaar, at the very beginning of December.

Does December seem a long way off? To be sure it is three months distant, but when one thinks back to June 1st (thinking back three months) it hasn't seemed to take very long to reach the first of September.

One has to hunt and hunt for bargains these days. So whether you intend to buy something ready made for your gift; or whether you intend to buy some material and make a number of useful articles; or whether you plan, when doing that preserving and canning to put away a few extra jars as your donation to the Bazaar, it isn't a bit too soon to get your plans in order.

Thinking and planning must precede action. Now is the time to think!

Bazaar Committee.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... Associate Editor
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY ..... Assistant to the Editor
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EDITORIAL

HERE are some good rules on how to become a likable person:

Make up your mind to live today to the fullest; try to make the highest moment permanent.

Try to give everyone whose burden is greater than yours a lift.

Be generous and tolerant; considerate and kind; forbearing and magnanimous.

Keep your mind open to truth and responsive to the world's best thought and to the best you know.

Look forward, not backward; look up, not down.

Make the most of what opportunities there are, and never whine at the lack of them.

Be a *man* before you are a lawyer or a doctor or a merchant or a worker or a manager or whatever may be your occupation or profession.

Face life with a smile, and keep a stiff upper lip no matter how depressing conditions may be.

Have confidence in the power to conquer every difficulty and reach the goal of every worthy ambition.

Make life yield the highest possible service by being faithful to the duties of each day, trying to complete everything attempted.

Be honest in every transaction, and let every friendship ring true.

Hold a helpful, accommodating attitude toward those about you.

Fulfill to the best of your ability the obligation to be noble and loyal to your highest ideal. This is the task that comes to each of us every morning: "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

Put your faith in the growing, evolving, creative, affirmative fact of truth; not ignorance, not superstition, not fear—but in growth, development.

One person gets nothing but discord out of a piano. Another gets beautiful harmony. No sensible person blames the piano for the noise or gives it all the credit for the music. Life is much the same. The possibility of discord is there and the possibility of harmony is there, also. It depends on who plays the piano. Our principal business is to learn to play it correctly. When we do it well, it will give forth harmony. If we play it carelessly it will give forth discord. Life is not at fault. It may be an enchanting holiday if one touches the notes aright and above all, is in tune.

P.B.

BOOK CHATS

THERE is a most important small book which I wish to bring to your attention. The title of this book is "An Inquiry into the Religion of the Third President, Thomas Jefferson." The author has given a sub-title, "Champion of Religious Freedom . . . Advocate of Christian Morals." The book is written by Henry Wilder Foote, published by the Beacon Press of Boston and consists of only 70 pages. The format is very lovely, with a full-page photo of the Jefferson Monument at Washington, D.C. The print is large for easy reading, and there is an interesting index, showing the innumerable other personalities who are mentioned in the book.

Henry Wilder Foote, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, is the author of several books and of numerous articles, principally in the field of American history and literature. Dr. Foote is a member of The Colonial Society of Massachusetts, the Massachusetts Historical Society, and the American Antiquarian Society, of which Thomas Jefferson was one of the earliest members, all of which should indicate his qualifications in this field of historical scholarship.

Dr. Foote recently spent two winters in Charlottesville, Virginia, and there had the opportunity to study the career of Thomas Jefferson at close quarters and under very advantageous conditions. This book is a result of that sojourn and it deals with an aspect of Jefferson's life about which there has been much misunderstanding and dispute. This little book traces the development of Thomas Jefferson's religious opinions from his youth on a frontier settlement through his education at Williamsburg, when he turned away from traditional, orthodox Christianity, to his later advocacy of the "Morals of Jesus." In answering some of the bitter attacks on him, charging him with being an infidel or an atheist, Jefferson replied that he was a Christian in the only sense that Jesus ever desired anyone to be—namely, that he followed His doctrines! He was devoted to the moral precepts and ideas of Jesus.

Jefferson championed religious freedom, which resulted in bitter attacks upon him by the clergy, and he wholly repudiated the traditional Christian dogmas. But in the latter part of his life, he was strongly influenced by the teachings of the great English Unitarian clergyman and scientist, Joseph Priestly, who was the discoverer of oxygen, and Jefferson adopted the Unitarian views of Jesus. And this book, "Thomas Jefferson," by Henry Wilder Foote, tells the story of the growth and development of Jefferson's opinions, and it is largely quoted from his own words, which no previous work has done. This alone makes it especially valuable and authoritative. I think the chapter headings might give some idea of the ground the author has covered. There is a preface in which the author states that the Jefferson bibliography is enormous, and though he wrote but one book, "Notes on Virginia," in 1781, yet his state papers and his prodigious correspondence fill many volumes. First, the author gives a Biographical Summary; then Jefferson's Religious Background; Jefferson's Student Days; The Struggle for "Man's Natural Rights"; Political and Social Reforms; The Struggle for Religious

Freedom (this struggle the author calls the severest of Jefferson's career—a struggle for complete religious freedom). "His activities won him the bitter and lifelong opposition of most of the large landowners, and of the clergy and conservative churchmen, who consistently portrayed him as the enemy of Christianity." Jefferson considered the reform essential for human liberty. And the author says, "Surely it is one of the ironies of history, that when the majestic Jefferson Memorial in Washington was dedicated in 1943, on the 200th anniversary of his birth, two prelates, one a Protestant Episcopalian, the other a Roman Catholic, should have given the invocation and the benediction. Both of them, had they been Jefferson's contemporaries, would have vigorously denounced him as an infidel."

The author then has a chapter on Jefferson and the Federal Constitution; Attacks on Jefferson's Religious Views, provoked by political animosity; next a chapter on Jefferson's reverence for Jesus and his Moral Teachings, in which the author tells us that it was Jefferson's deep interest in the ethical teachings of Jesus which led him to compile the first draft of what he originally called "The Philosophy of Jesus of Nazareth" or, in its later form, "The Morals of Jesus," but which, says the author, is now commonly but quite inaccurately called 'Jefferson's Bible'." "It was these 'simple precepts' of Jesus which Jefferson sought to compile, not only for his own use but also for the instruction of the Indians in fundamental Christian principles, for he had an interest in and sympathy with the Indians which was shared by few others in his day." Jefferson sent for two Greek Testaments and two in English, from which he cut the desired passages, and the author tells us, "We have the unique spectacle of a president, whom his enemies denounced as a foe of Christianity, spending his late evenings in the White House, after his company had left, in diligently piecing together passages from the Gospels to make a connected story of the life and teachings of Jesus. . . . It was an abridgement of the New Testament for the use of the Indians, unembarrassed with matters of fact or faith beyond the level of their comprehensions." And then says the author, "Incredible as it may seem, it appears to be the fact that neither the first nor the second of these compilations from the gospels was known to Jefferson's grandchildren until after his death, and that then only did they learn from a letter which he addressed to a friend, saying that he was in the habit of reading from them each night before he went to bed. The second and more complete form of the compilation was inherited by his grandson, Thomas Jefferson Randolph, and was purchased in 1895 from a descendant for the National Museum in Washington. In 1904 an Act of Congress provided for its exact reproduction by photolithographic process, with binding like the original, and a brief but scholarly introduction by Dr. Cyrus Adler, librarian of the Smithsonian Institute, in a limited edition of 9,000 copies for distribution among members of Congress. Copies of this most interesting reproduction are now valuable and hard to procure." The last chapters of the book are "Jefferson Adopts Unitarian Views in Later Life" and "Jefferson's Ethical Standards." The author tells us that Jefferson left directions for the following inscription for the monument on his grave, and nothing more: "Here was buried Thomas Jefferson, Author of the Declaration of Independence, of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, and Father of the University of Virginia." And Jefferson added, "by these as testimonials that I

have lived, I wish most to be remembered."

Our readers might be interested in these verses which the author tells us Jefferson wrote on his deathbed to his surviving daughter:

"Life's visions are vanished, its dreams
are no more;
Dear friends of my bosom, why bath*ed*
in tears?
I go to my fathers, I welcome the shore
Which crowns all my hopes and which
buries my cares.
Then farewell, my dear, my lov'd
daughter, adieu!
The last pang of life is in parting from
you.
Two seraphs await me long shrouded
in death;
I will bear them your love on my last
parting breath."

His last words were: "I now resign my soul, without fear, to my God: my daughter to my country."

* * *

The next book I bring to your attention has a striking title. It is, "I Have Two Countries." On the paper cover is a picture of the sea, with the lakefront skyline of Chicago on the left, and a little brown hut and palm trees on the right. In the center foreground, on the land, two men have met and are shaking hands. One is a white American, the other, a black man in African dress. Yes, the book is written by Mbonu Ojike, who was the son of a local Nigerian statesman who had ten wives and who made his career by refusing to adhere to the traditions of the small village where he was born. In the first place, he insisted on going to the Mission School. Then when he refused to marry he broke another precedent, and his family gave up all hope for him. Next he won a scholarship to the Normal School in Nigeria, taught at a local high school and took a correspondence course from Oxford University. In 1939 he came to the United States and has since earned a B.S. at Ohio State University and a Master's Degree in Education and Administration at the University of Chicago. He has been made a member of the Institute of Oriental Students for the Study of Human Relations. He is just past thirty years old and has returned to Africa to put his education and experience to work for the betterment of his country.

I cannot think of a finer way to serve one's race, or the world in general, than to do as Mbonu Ojike is doing. He has spent the last seven years in the United States as a student, lecturer, and traveler. Reflecting on Lafayette's famous aphorism, he says: "Every man has two countries, his own and America." Many of my listeners may remember Mr. Ojike's previous book, "My Africa." Of that book, Horace Reynolds in the Christian Science Monitor said: "In a world full of strikes, turmoil and pessimism, it is encouraging to hear a calm, free, helpful voice like this from Brightest Africa. Here is young Africa talking"; and Bucklin Moon in the Chicago Sun said of it, "Mbonu Ojike has written a book which is easy to read and one which any reader who knows little about Africa will find highly informative"; while Paul Engle in the Chicago Tribune said, "how very seldom has a native of that dark continent given us light on it that was genuine because experienced."

In the book "My Africa," the author wrote about Nigeria, his home country; now he has written about his second country through his own experiences and observations here. He has also given us an intimate glimpse of himself, his ambitions and his hopes and fears. The book is penetrating, humorous—a book about democracy by one who has

come to know it through first-hand knowledge, accepted its challenge, and dedicated his whole effort to its extension everywhere. It was published by the John Day Company on June 26. Here I quote a paragraph from the book: "I love America, not because she is perfect, for I know of no country that is. I love her because of what she means to me as an individual, the good she has done for all humanity, the leadership she is now learning to assume in the whole field of human relations and in the United Nations of free men; the hope for a better tomorrow which her participation engenders in all peoples." For all those who wish to see our country in the eyes of one from a far country, this book will prove valuable, interesting and informative.

* * *

Another attractive book looks up at one from an interesting cover, with its towering Himalayas in the background, and an oddly dressed young man with a basket on his back, climbing a steep ascent to some strange looking houses perched on the mountainside. The book is the autobiography of an oriental servant. It is called "Houseboy in India," written by Twan Yang, the houseboy and published in June of this year by the John Day Company. There are fascinating sketches by this same houseboy scattered through the pages of the book. Twan Yang is the son of a Tibetan mother and an exiled Chinese father. Born in a village in the Himalayas, where Nepal, Tibet and India meet, he was left an orphan, poor and illiterate, and became a houseboy, a servant of the well-to-do, and as such wandered from place to place in India. He gives us perhaps for the first time, the servant's view of a fascinating variety of persons in the kaleidoscopic land of India, for he served in the houses of many masters—Hindu, Sikh, Parsi, and Muslim, British, American and Dutch. He spoke many languages—tongues which he needed to make his way in the world of work, but, up to the age of seventeen, very little English, until he went into the service of Johan van Manen, a well-known Dutch scholar in Calcutta. Here he was in the midst of thousands of books, and opened his master's door to admit many brilliant visitors from other countries. As this door opened for him into the world of learning, his eager young mind received new facts, new knowledge, new wisdom. His American master had taught him tap-dancing and jazz. Mr. Van Manen taught him English patiently and enthusiastically. And one day he said to Twan Yang, "Why should you not write your life story?" From then on the narrative took shape, partly in the boy's own hand, partly by dictation, and Mr. Van Manen filed, arranged and later edited the piles of manuscript, with careful regard to Twan Yang's instructions, which were: "Sir, if you are going to publish this book, I shall be glad. Let people know the lives of the simple people in India. But kindly let the story remain as I have written it, and do not add to it or change it to make it beautiful, for if it is made into a European tale it will no longer be the story of a Chinese boy."

Mr. Van Manen died before the work was quite finished, but by roundabout ways the manuscript came into the hands of publishers in New York. Though far too long, it was such a mine of human interest that the publishers selected and arranged where Mr. Van Manen left off. From seeing pictures in the Dutchman's house, the boy learned it was possible to draw on paper scenes and persons he remembered. Thus the simple and delightful pen and ink sketches. The jacket design has been rendered by the American artist, Edith Emerson, from a remarkably good painting which Twan Yang made, when

he knew the book would be published. This book will be a delightful and entertaining journey. P.B.

* * *

DOES HE LIVE IN YOUR LIFE?

NOT so long ago I reviewed over the air a book with the title "He Lives." The title intrigued me and I couldn't get it out of my mind and have often thought of it since. Applied to each one of us personally, what does it signify? You live; you are alive; you think; you eat; you live, and there is action in your life—Action! But the book title meant, when it said "He Lives!" that Christ lives. And back in early April, at Eastertime, great choirs sang "He Lives!" And many were saying that "Christ lives." But what a contrast were the news items carried on radio and by press that same day: Murders, floods, black markets; John L. Lewis; telephone strikes; we even heard over the radio the cries of thousands of little children on the streets of Shanghai, whose parents could not even bury their bodies, as they starved to death. Yet thousands of voices sang, "He Lives!"

So I thought it might be a good thing to face this question: Does He live? If he only lives in stained glass windows, in ceremony, in institutionalism, in song, then we are playing at Christianity. If the seven hundred million professed Christians in the world are only coronating the truths that the Galilean gave to the world into conventional phrases, ceremony, custom and tradition for a Sunday service, and then are forgetting all about what He said on Monday, of course the world will be in turmoil and will stay that way. If we sing "He Lives" in our cathedrals, while those cathedrals are backed up against a slum where rats creep over the faces of sleeping children, then I say He does not live.

What does it mean if He really lives? When we put into practice, through *action*, the things that Jesus Christ stood for while He lived on this earth, then He will live in truth. Suppose He should walk into a meeting of Foreign Ministers at Moscow. Suppose He should walk down the aisles of the United States Senate. What would happen if he sat down beside you at your desk tomorrow or today and looked over your shoulder? What if He walked into a labor convention or Labor Union? You cannot believe that men have always fought and always will and then believe in a living Christ. We are on the threshold of the greatest spiritual world-wide upheaval the world has ever known; for the spirit of Christ is alive. We are not satisfied with our songs; we are uncomfortable with our platitudes and our prayers; the poor, the sick, the hungry, the enslaved are haunting us. Christ lives, but only when He lives in my heart and yours to make the world he died for His Father's kingdom! P.B.

THE HANDS OF CHRIST

Rebecca Helman

The hands of Christ were working hands;
The hammer and saw they knew.
The hands of Christ were gentle hands,
Though strong and powerful too.

The hands of Christ touched tenderly
The eyes of the man long blind;
And raising Peter from the waves,
Were infinitely kind.

The hands of Christ were loving hands,
Drawing the children near;
Ineffably compassionate,
Healing the servant's ear.

The hands that ease a brother's pain,
The hands that work to pray—
All hands that give in selfless love
Are the hands of Christ today!

(From "Unity Poems," University School of Christianity, Publishers)

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

"Arden Lodge"

Dear Friends:

This morning we awakened to claps of thunder and darkness, the sky curtained with heavy storm clouds. Now at noon there is no change. Rain has fallen lightly and intermittently all morning. We remarked at breakfast how short this summer has been, due of course to the cold, inclement weather of spring, lasting till the end of June. No work could be done in the gardens and July is hardly the time to begin what should be done in May! The havoc wrought by a most abnormal winter and spring has caused considerable grief. My roses—the latest addition to the garden—have been the loveliest things imaginable. Just now they are in second bud and we are thrilled by the thought of seeing them in bloom again before we leave our beloved island home.

Last Monday, the 18th, was a red-letter day at Black Duck Island, when we celebrated Dr. Bradley's birthday. The sun shone and the sky was blue. A light breeze ruffled the lake so that it was not too warm on the porch, though otherwise a very warm day. Friends and neighbors (to the number of twenty-seven) began arriving at the Island shortly after noon, to personally express their best wishes to Doctor for many happy returns of the day. Some came by train from Duluth, some from Virginia, Ely and Tower by automobiles, others on the lake came by boats and about two o'clock we heard the whir of a plane, the noise ceasing suddenly as the silver monster dropped down into our bay and my husband hurried down as it taxied to our dock, many of us following after, wondering who would step out! We were delighted when we saw Mr. and Mrs. Hibbard who live on Moose Lake about ten miles out of Ely. Their coming was a real surprise to Doctor, though I knew they planned to come for a couple of hours if they could get a plane from Ely.

We began serving the birthday lunch at 3 o'clock, in buffet style from the diningroom table, everyone filling their plate and returning to the screened porch, where tables were set for them to be seated. We had a merry time visiting and eating. The Hibbards "took off" in the plane at 4 o'clock, but the others stayed through the evening and we had music and games till quite late. I must add that after the lunch we all went out onto the lawn and Doctor sat down at a garden table with packages and boxes piled about him, and opened his presents. This he enjoyed very much (and who doesn't?) and was greatly pleased with each remembrance, which included stacks of cards and notes from far-away friends. He appreciated them all inexpressibly. He said as we said goodnight and the household settled down, that he had had a very, very happy birthday. The best of all was having Jimmy home for the week!

Our summer is shortened at both ends—at first by the cold Junetime, and now the necessity of Dr. Bradley's

returning a week earlier than usual. So—in three weeks we will bid goodbye to the garden, our beautiful pines, the lake, our boats (stored safely for the winter) and turn the key in the door of the house, all to await through the winter quiet our return in another springtime.

The opening Church service will be on the 14th of September, which is earlier than ever before.

* * *

Our first letter is from Winfield, Kansas; a very kind expression of gratitude for Dr. Bradley's daily broadcast:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:—We have just listened to the program 'Hymns of All Churches.' In fact we put forth a special effort to listen to this wonderful broadcast every morning, and whenever for some reason we fail to hear it, we feel that we very definitely have lost an uplifting experience for the day. To us it is always a time of spiritual blessing and devotion. Having been, throughout our lifetime, faithful and active members of the church, we are quite familiar with most of the Hymns your wonderful choir sing. We never can tell which is really our favorite, because so many of them are fine. . . .

"No doubt you receive so many letters that you find it difficult to read them all. Nevertheless we have felt that we want to add our word of appreciation and encouragement for the fine and outstanding talks you send out over the air from day to day. Only Eternity will reveal the great inspiration and blessing that come to many of your listeners.

"Our very best wishes for many years to come. Sincerely, Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Weinrich."

* * *

Here is a very friendly, appreciative letter from Cudahy, Wisconsin. Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Horn write:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: Please enclosed find two dollars to be used in any way you may need toward the expenses of The Peoples Church, of which you are the pastor, and a very fine one, if we may extend a word of appreciation to a man who is a real Christian and who preaches from his big, good heart, which is filled with the love of God. We heard your fine sermon last Sunday and enjoyed it immensely.

"I always listen to your broadcast every morning on the General Mills program. I just now listened to this morning's broadcast and your message was truly fine. Your closing thought was beautiful. Would it be asking too much of you to send us a copy of this wonderful message? We would appreciate it so much. We have two adult daughters who are working and do not get to hear your program and I would like to have them get this message as it contains so much good food for thought. They sing in our choir and one has a contralto and the other soprano voice so they sing duets. Our family heard your fine sermon given in Milwaukee at the Methodist Church on Wisconsin Avenue during the Lenten season. Hope you will come again soon.

"We will be looking forward to hearing your service next Sunday. We wish you a very restful and the very kind of a vacation which you may like and need. May God abundantly bless you in your fine work. Yours very truly, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Horn."

* * *

The following interesting letter comes from New Hampton, Iowa. The very fine thought expressed is worth thinking about!

"Dear Dr. Bradley: Anything formal seems stilted when we think of those whom we hear continually over the air! The hymn 'Faith Is the Victory' has

been given by the Hymns of All Churches choir a number of times since I've been listening fairly consecutively for the past two years. Perhaps a story that I tell in connection with it may mean something.

"For a bit of background—my father, a graduate of West Point, left the U.S. Army to go to Japan as a missionary. He died in Tokyo in 1898, and his grave is there. Mother brought the three children home to this country and proceeded to fill the place of father and mother as nearly as one person could. On the small stone that marks her grave in Des Moines, Iowa, are the same words as on the stone in Tokyo, 'Faith Is The Victory.'

"Ten out of my first twelve years were spent in Japan. After school and life peparation, at the age of twenty-five I returned to the city of my birth to help in kindergarten work. The point of change in outlook that brought me to write this letter was in Japan, at the time of my mother's death.

"Before the change, I had been asked to give a talk in the outlying, rural areas to audiences that I knew would be small and thoughtful. I chose as a subject, 'Caesar or Christ.' (We heard your broadcast on Wednesday this week past.) In my talk, I quoted Edison as saying, in an article I read in the American Magazine, that our progress in science was equivalent to just emerging from the monkey stage. I felt that, if in science we were in such a condition, spiritually we were much behind.

"When Mother died in Des Moines on a Wednesday morning, my brother and sister wirelessed me. I got the message on Thursday morning, replied by wireless, and my answer was in the hands of my brother and sister on the day that our Mother died, due to the difference in time and the marvel of wireless!

"When the mists cleared away, I could see as I never had before that the spiritual outreach of man has always been ahead of his material achievements. When Adam and Eve walked and talked with God in the garden, to the days when Christians sang their triumph as they met animals and cruel death in the arena, man's communication with God has been ahead of any wireless or radio. It has been the urgence of the spiritual, back of the material, that has given patience to the pioneer and the inventor.

"And now, when the atom bomb seems bursting in the air all around us, we forget that power of the spirit, so much greater, *if we would only believe.* As we listen to your words over the air, if we can only think of ourselves as forming an unbroken circle, hand in hand, around the globe, if you please; carrying our faith in the 'still small voice' and never forgetting it—what a power we can release in every center where men and women believe in God and his promises that no word of His shall ever return unto Him void.

"So, once again, 'Faith Is The Victory.'

"With appreciation and best wishes to you and all on the program,

Sincerely,

Gretchen Garst"

* * *

And now goodbye till we chat next month from Chicago. We hope many will have returned refreshed from vacations, and will be present at the opening Sunday morning service. Until then—KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

Excerpts from

"WHY RELIGION HELPS MESS UP THE WORLD"

By Harry Emerson Fosdick

(Reprinted from April 1947 Ladies' Home Journal)

"The world is certainly a mess, and whether or not we like to face the fact, religion helps to make it so. It is not simply aggressive nationalism, imperialism, militarism, racial prejudice and all the other ungodly forces that divide us, but religion too. From India, where Hindus and Moslems fight in the streets, to almost any community one lights on, religious differences and prejudices set men at odds, and religious faith, which ought to unite and harmonize mankind, divides mankind instead. One American village of 1200 inhabitants with ten different churches, representing ten different denominations, and an average membership of twenty-nine per church, presents in extreme form the degeneration of religious convictions into religious feuds.

"In this regard, as Doctor Hocking, of Harvard, points out, religion is like language. Language should unite us, enabling us to talk together, understand one another and co-operate; but mankind, plunged now into one world before it is ready to handle one world well, faces not *language,* but *languages* that separate us and make communication difficult. Our world needs a universal language and a universal religion, but instead these two potent forces that should bind men together keep them apart. . . .

"The contrast today between the greatness of Christ Himself and the littleness of the churches supposed to represent Him is shocking. . . .

"One bedeviling factor that causes this evil is our scrambling of universals and local peculiarities as though they were equally important. They certainly are not, and more in religion than in family life. Our homes have local peculiarities: our special types of houses, our special diets, our methods of housekeeping, our gadgets, our cherished household traditions, and all the details that make a home our home, and not someone else's. But in fine family life there are universals, too, without which nothing else matters. True love and loyalty between man and woman, the fulfillment of romance in friendship, the desire for children and love of them, the creation of an abiding unity out of the sacred trinity—father, mother, child—such factors in a home know no boundaries of race or nation, and in comparison with them the special material our houses are built of, and the various gadgets they are furnished with, are of minor import.

"Religion is like that. Its local peculiarities are to be cherished and enjoyed, but the big matters in religion are universals, and when they are made central, religion begins to draw men together instead of ripping them apart. . . .

"In this endeavor to disentangle the Christian universals from the special settings and adhesions that have come from our local cultures, Christianity faces a competition on the outcome of which the future of mankind's religion depends. Confronting this one world where isolation is no longer possible, the best thinkers in all religions recognize that their local peculiarities cannot persuade the world—never! . . .

"The separate churches have per-

formed an important function in history, representing minority convictions which the majority was denying or neglecting, and, often with creative vitality, playing the part of trail blazers and pioneers. Today, however, that emphasis is not enough. We are living in one world—one world, not only for the nations, but for religion, too. To have religion go on as one of the most estranging and alienating forces on earth, as it is now, so that even in common speech religious prejudice is paired with racial prejudice as a major curse of mankind, will never do. 'New occasions teach new duties,' and our new era with desperate urgency calls for a kind of religion that will make for unity, mutual understanding, inclusiveness and brotherhood.

"What that involves a great Protestant, Bossuet, once put into a ringing phrase: 'Speak to me only of necessary truth.' Let the various churches and religions answer that call, and our children might have some chance of living in a world where spiritual community undergirds the endeavors after international peace. So may God grant!"

DEMOCRACY AND RELIGION

(From the writings of William L. Sullivan)
(Reprinted from "Our Faith" for May, 1947)

Where is the creativeness of the American spirit which shall provide a religion that shall have both height and depth; freedom and yet not shallowness; intellectual liberty but none of the cant of the Cynics; a religion which shall be invested with solemnity, whose temples shall be homes of adoration, whose altars shall be the centers that shall attract the highest aspirations of the purest among us? I look for that to come. Shall it not yet be in store for us that we shall see this divine idea taking invisible form and vigor before our eyes?

Such a religion would say to men: You are Godlike; you are to win your salvation—nobody is to throw it at you. You are to gain it, not as a largess of charity, but by wrestling for it in the good fight. You are to have a God that reveals His will today more richly than ever He did upon the Mesopotamian plains. You are in immediate communion with the All Holy and the Most High. You are working out His will.

History is but the vesture of God that trails on earth. It is a divine thing committed to human hands. The venture of democracy is a creation that is to be ours, though we are engaged in it by a light that shines from heaven.

"I BELIEVE"

Personal statements of faith from Unitarian Men and Women
(Reprinted from "Our Faith," May, 1947)

"I believe in the freedom to believe in the truth.

"I believe that the religion Jesus lived and taught should serve as a pattern for our own daily living.

"I believe in one God as the Father of all humanity; hence, too, in the common brotherhood of all men.

"I believe that, with time, we can optimistically conceive of a united, friendly world of nations, achieved finally by the slow but certain advance of individual character."

Robert E. Knoll

* * *

"I find it hard to say in words how I feel the continual presence of God. . .

"I try to see God in everything I see and do. If I journey to the open country I see Him everywhere, but especially in growing things and all animals —the great ladder of life.

"I know that music and literature stir my soul, at times. And I feel the hand of God through man. I feel that man must now use his reason as never before in history. I, for one, have faith in God that he will lead us to permanent peace, if we will only use our God given abilities.

"Therefore, to me religion means love of life and a continual searching to find out the best ways to make all the world a better place in which to live."

John R. Burkhart

TO OUR NEW MEMBERS

We are looking forward to your presence among us during the coming church year—our 36th. We welcome you to our midst as a member of The Peoples Church and we hope that you will find your church life pleasant. We shall try to make it so.

Church fellowship is a two-way affair. Have you looked up the various organizations in the church to see where you can find a working group with which to affiliate? Have you called up an officer of that group to inquire when the meetings are held? Your enthusiastic interest will arouse a like response on the part of the group you wish to join, and a splendid beginning will have been made.

Where there is a large church membership perhaps a little extra effort is needed on the part of the individual. Do not wait to be asked. Volunteers are so appreciated.

TO OUR OLD MEMBERS

We are not referring to your individual age, but to the fact that you may have been a member of the church for perhaps a year or more. Let us remember to be friendly and to greet the new members—and that means anyone you do not know. People rarely feel offended when you greet them pleasantly and ask, "Are you a member of the Woman's Club—or the Men's Club—or some other group in which you might wish to interest them. Just to be spoken to is a pleasure to someone who is lonely, or a stranger.

Don't leave it all to the new member. He or she may be a little backward or just be waiting for a welcoming word or sign. You might just smile and say "Good morning!"

PEOPLES CHURCH ACTIVITIES

Lawrence at Sheridan

36th Season

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE (Broadcast by WJJD) During the summer by transcription through September 7.....11:00 a.m.
Opening Service, 36th Season, Sunday, September 14 (Broadcast by WJJD).....11:00 a.m. to 12:30 p.m.

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION—Anderson Hall.
Opening Service, September 14..... 9:30 a.m.

CHOIR REHEARSALS Fridays—Auditions 7:30, Church Auditorium.
Opening Rehearsal, August 29..... 8:00 p.m.

WOMAN'S CLUB—Miss Mabel E. Byrnes, Cor. Sec., 1252 Glenlake Ave. (40), Bri. 5308.
Opening Luncheon, Edgewater Beach Hotel, Oct. 29, Dr. Bradley, Guest Speaker .....12:30 p.m.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB—Miss Grace Rozanski, Cor. Sec., 1434 Thome Ave. (26), Bri. 6914.
Opening Program, Tuesday, September 30, Dr. Bradley, Guest Speaker—Anderson Hall ..... 8:00 p.m.

MEN'S CLUB—Frank J. Mason, Sec., 4935 Broadway (40), Edg. 3519.
Opening Meeting, Monday, September 22, Dr. Bradley, Guest Speaker—Anderson Hall ..... 8:00 p.m.

USHERS' CLUB—Frank J. Mason, Sec., 4935 Broadway (40), Edg. 3519.

PRESTON BRADLEY AUXILIARY, MARY BARTELME CLUB. (Meets on notice) Jane Jones, Pres., 1261 Argyle St., Ard. 9301.

PARENT-TEACHER FORUM of the Church School—George Young, Sec., 2426 Berwyn Ave. (25).

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS—J. Bradley-Griffin, Director. Summer address, Luzerne Garden Theatre, Lake Geneva, Wis. For details see page 23.

THE CHANNING CLUB—Rosemary Sparks, Cor. Sec., 852 Lakeside Pl. (40).

GIRL SCOUT TROOP No. 187—Betty Boaz, Leader, 7637 N. Greenview Ave. (26), Rog. 5742.

CUB PACK No. 3864 of BOY SCOUTS—Gil Miller, Leader, 832 Montrose Ave., Rav. 5531.

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Sunday Morning—By transcription through September 7.....11 to 11:15 a.m.
Direct from Church Auditorium beginning with opening Sunday Service, September 14 ..... 11 a.m. to 12:30 p.m.

WGN—Monday through Friday. Opening broadcast for 11th season with same sponsor, September 22nd..... 6:00 p.m.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

Luzern Garden Theatre

Hotel Luzern, Lake Geneva, Wis.

J. Bradley-Griffin, Director

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the popular comedy

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Continues September 6, 7, and 8

Curtain 8:30

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psycho-mystery drama

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Curtain 8:30

This beautiful new open air theatre easily reached by car on Route 12, bus, or Chicago and Northwestern train.

Productions of the fall and winter season will be given at the Eleventh Street Theatre.

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If you desire to send this magazine to a friend and will send $1.50 to Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison, Subscription Manager, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, we will send a Card announcing your gift. The magazine is now in its twenty-first year of publication, and goes all over the United States and to many foreign lands. Why not send your $1.50 today? It will come regularly every month. No one connected with the publication receives any compensation and all funds above the cost of production go directly to the Treasury of the Peoples Church to help our financial problem. Please subscribe.

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